Legend of the Holy Grail and the Parsifal of Richard Wagner

Helen K. Rhodes

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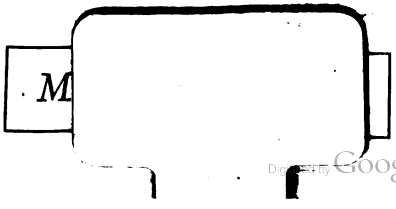

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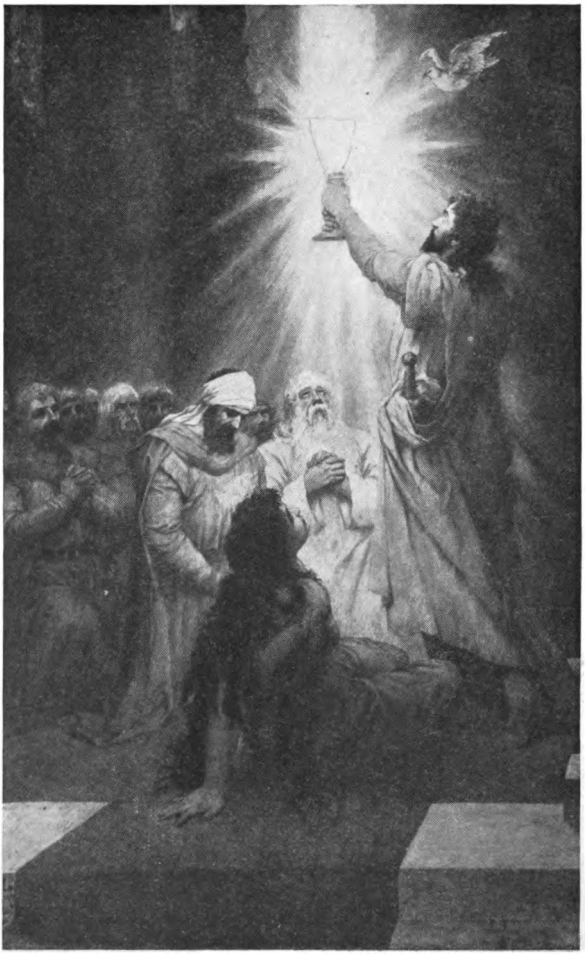

"IN THE GLOW OF ITS WONDROUS LIGHT"

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The LEGEND *of the* HOLY GRAIL *and the* PARSIFAL *of* RICHARD WAGNER

BY
HELEN K. RHODES

God knows our strength,
How near the depths the probe may pierce and rend
And laying bare its inmost heart
May gain a shrine
Where Love is Life and Truth and God.

S. C. GLASS
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Parsifal

IN the earliest legends of the Aryan people the Grail was a sacred vessel containing a divine draught, and he who tasted partook of the very substance of the Infinite, realizing inward elevation and purification.

In the Celtic folk-lore there are many references to a talismanic spear and cup, the former representing the powers of destruction, the latter the powers of healing.

Since earliest time the "Cup" symbol has shown itself in every religion.

From an obscure pagan myth to unhistoric fiction it developed more and more in the direction of Christian symbolism, becoming in the twelfth century the poetic expression of the church militant, and in our day the highest realization of spiritual attainment.

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The early church preserved its legends carefully, and in the eighth century a declaration was made for the British church, on the authority of a monk who claimed especial grace for this Cup, that it was the dish used by our Lord at The Last Supper, and brought by Joseph of Arimathea to England and treasured there by his descendents, who established the royal line of Britain.

Its essential import was that the British church had been established through direct authority from Palestine, and not from Rome. This gave great importance to the British clergy, though they kept this book in abeyance for more than three hundred years lest it should bring them into collision with the authorities at Rome.

This book became known during the twelfth century, and in the course of a few years the legends were combined, perfected and took the form under which we know it now.

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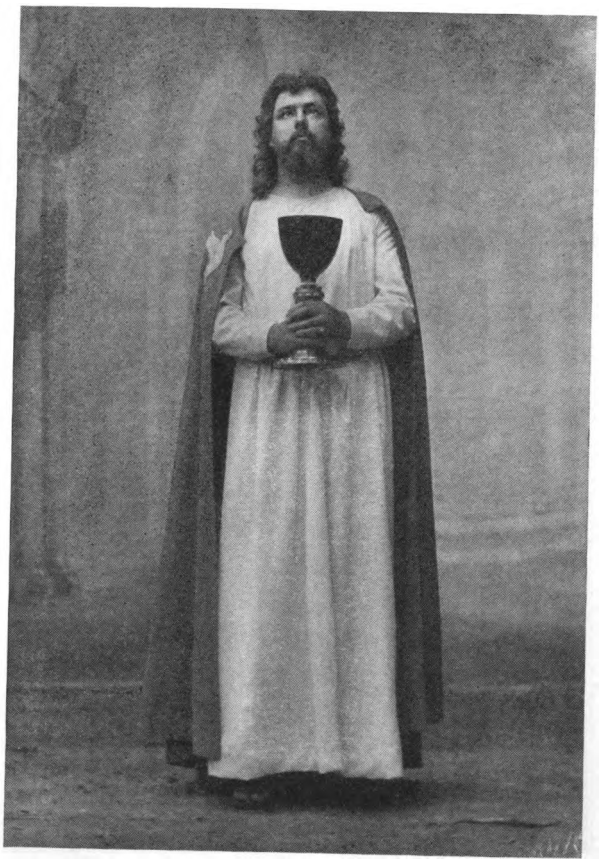

PARSIFAL

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For a proof of the divine authority and mission of the Holy Grail we must turn to the legends of the early church, which assert that it was first heard of in the hands of white robed men, who met Noah going into the Ark carrying with him the bones of Adam.

Abraham was standing before the altar in the Valley of Jehosophat, when majestic Melchisedec came from Salem; he bore in his hands the holy vessel handed down from Noah and placed it upon the altar. Abraham possessed it and it was carried down to Egypt by the children of Israel. Moses took it with him when he fled to the land of Midian. The holy woman Veronica brought the vessel to the disciples to be used at the Last Supper. It was she who took off her veil to wipe the dust from Jesus' face, and He left the imprint of His face upon it.

Joseph of Arimathea had been a soldier of Pilate for seven years and obtained leave to take the body of Jesus

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from the cross. He proceeded first to the upper room where the Last Supper was held, and found this vessel; then, as he took down the body of our Lord, he received into the cup drops of blood which issued from His wounds. After the resurrection Joseph was imprisoned for forty-two years, during which time he was fed and comforted by the power of this holy cup, and never thirsted nor hungered. When he was released by Titus he was commanded by a divine voice to go to Britain and convert the people.

So much for the legend of the Holy Grail as it rested in the hands of the church in the twelfth century. These legends were the especial property of the Abbey of Glastonbury, where Joseph was buried.

The connection of the Grail with King Arthur was due to the Welsh poets and bards during the Norman conquest, when the old spirit of antiquity and distinction asserted itself in resist-

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ance to the invader, and they turned to the songs of their fathers, and the stories of their heroes were brought to the attention of the outside world.

That proof should not be lacking of their inherited greatness, a legendary account of the supposed kings of Britain was supplied by Geoffrey of Monmouth, based upon legends and predictions of the kings who had reigned before the birth of Jesus, and of Arthur and the princes who had reigned since the incarnation. He declared that his book was an exact translation of a book which Walter Map, Archdeacon of Oxford, had translated from the Welsh into Latin.

Arthur Map was born before 1143 and died in 1210. He was one of the most versatile writers of the day, a prominent courtier under Henry the Second and one of the highest dignitaries of the English church. He was educated in the University of Paris and was several times chosen to fill important

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political and ecclesiastical posts on the continent. Having been canon of Salisbury, he would naturally become acquainted with the legend of Joseph in the Abbey of Glastonbury, and to him is ascribed the credit of making out of it a lofty spiritual allegory, forcing the paganism of the earlier legends into the service of the church.

Of the historic Arthur the records tell that he was a leader of the many petty kings of Wales. That he was murdered by his nephew and buried at Glastonbury in the sixth century.

Out of the half spiritual, half military spirit of the crusades Arthur appears in the poetic garb of the ideal knight, loses all national characteristics and becomes the sublime emblem of mediæval chivalry, but without any elements of the religious feature.

The songs of Arthur won astonishing vogue and became incorporated into all the romantic poetry of the time as the highest conception of Knighthood, for

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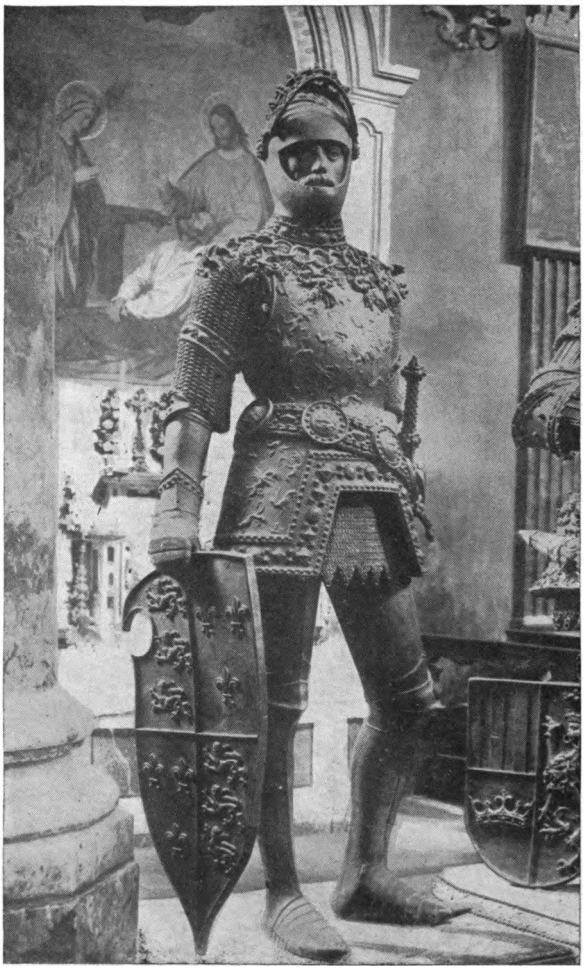

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the Welsh genius had failed to localize the legends and they found a welcome in every court. Around Arthur soon revolved other ideal types, and little by little was founded the harmonious hierarchy of King Arthur and his Knights of The Round Table, such as it now remains in romance and such as never existed in reality.

Walter Map caught the poetic beauty of the symbolism of the Grail and his work consists in the placing of the Holy Grail in the center of the romances that existed before his time. He took the legend of the Grail as representing the divine mysteries, and with pious invention connected the stories of Arthur and the Grail to illustrate the favor of Heaven to be won only by self-denial and the striving after purity.

His Knight was Sir Galahad, not Parzival. Galahad belongs to the English version. Parzival to the German. There is an important theological difference between them.

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Galahad was born perfect and ordained to do the things no one else could do. He was brought up by nuns, and from the hands of these holy women passed into the care of Gurnemanz. Clothed in gorgeous robes of red he goes forth to Arthur's Hall. Here Joseph of Arimathea, who is kept alive for three hundred years by the supreme relic, leads him to the seat Perilous. Galahad hears mass and goes forth in search of the Grail. He was the ninth and last descendant of Joseph.

According to the legend, Joseph having done all the good he could in the world, resolved to die. He bequeathed the Cup to his descendants, who were to be its perpetual custodians so long as they observed strict chastity of thought, word and deed.

During many years the Grail remained in their charge and was the source of blessing to Britain, but at the end of the Golden Age of Resolve it began to withdraw its presence and favor

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from an undeserving race and wandered at random throughout the world.

When all Arthur's enemies were vanquished there only remained for them to achieve the Grail, which the enchanter Merlin had predicted was a feat reserved for some champion of The Round Table.

The conditions necessary to the restoration of the Cup to its pristine efficacy were not to be effected by sword or lance, but by unblemished purity and chastity of mind and body.

The Adventures, or to use the phrase of the romance, The Quest, commenced at Camelot, the seat of King Arthur's court, on the four hundred and fifty-fourth anniversary of the crucifixion. On that day Galahad was elected to fill the most conspicuous seat at the Round Table, and "Goes upon his Grand Quest, his face resolutely set forward, his noble spirit keeping fair through faith and prayer, a virgin heart in work and will."

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Parsifal

This version of the Holy Grail is the one used by Edwin Abbey for his paintings of the Quest of the Holy Grail in the Boston Library. The story was told in varying forms by Walter Map of England, Chretien de Troyes of France and Wolfram von Eschenbach of Germany, the latter being the basis of Wagner's Parsifal.

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The Parzival of Wolfram Von Eschenbach

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The Parzival of Wolfram Von Eschenbach

HE material which came into Wolfram's hands had been credited to Chretien, but Wolfram tells us he was acquainted with Chretien's poem, but that his model was Kiot of Provence, who discovered the story of the Grail in Arabic characters in Toledo, from which he learns that Flegetanis, a heathen celebrated for his knowledge of curious arts, read in the stars that a thing would appear called "The Grail" and that whomsoever it should call to its service was truly blessed among men.

Kiot searched the Latin books to find a people worthy the honor of its presence, and found in the chronicles of Anjou in the record of Mazadan that Titurel made over the Grail to Amfortas, whose sister Herzeleide was the mother of Parzival, who was the son of Gamuret

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of Anjou, who was the grandson of Addanz, who was the cousin to Uther Pendragon, the father of King Arthur.

When Titurel became the possessor of the Sacred Cup and Lance he resolved to enshrine and guard these precious symbols of divine love, so he gathered about him faithful followers, bound together by solemn oaths, and wandered into North Spain and built the Sanctuary called the Castle of The Holy Grail on Monsalvat.

The account of the Grail given by Wolfram differs from every other account which has come down to us. He apparently knows nothing whatever about the traditional vessel of the Last Supper, or misunderstood the phrasing of the author from whom he took his poem, and in place of the Cup it is a stone, Lapis Exilis, brought to earth by an angelic host and confided to the pious knights of Titurel on Monsalvat.

Wolfram is acknowledged to be the most profound of the old German sing-

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ers and his whole poem is instinct with the knightly spirit, and the most harmonious and complete version of the story we possess. What stamps it as a psychological epic is the poetic consciousness with which he works all the externals into the inner life of his hero, whose spiritual development he sets before us in all its phases; and to his genius we owe that humanizing of the ideal which makes its interest as real and its lesson as much needed now as seven hundred years ago.

Gamuret, the father of Parzival, married Queen Herzeleide—Heart's affliction—and was killed in a tournament. The Queen left her estates,

> "For her heart was the home of sorrow
> And dead was the world's delight,"

and took her serving men and women into the wilderness of Soltane and there hid with her son, charging them all never to reveal to the boy his birthright or the fame of his father's name, for

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knightly deeds had brought her trouble and anguish.

The boy grew up alone, making his bow and arrows from the reeds, and shot at the birds as they sang above him. One day his mother found him listening, thoughtful and sad, and could not bear that the birds should stop his play and ordered that they all be killed. The boy asked her why would she stop their songs. She felt reproved, and told him the mystery of life and death, that God gave the birds their song, and it was wrong of her to give them sorrow. The boy asked in wonder "Who may God be?" She answered, "He was light beyond all light, and He bare a man's face that we might look on his face always."

From that moment, as he wandered about the woods, his eyes were always seeking this bright thing, when one day a knight rode into the clearing in glittering armor, with plumed and jeweled helmet. The boy remembered

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that his mother had told him that God was light above all light, so in his dazzled sight this knight was the God of his mother's lesson, and he fell on his knees to pray.

The knight told him he was only a knight from the court of King Arthur and passed on, gazing at the boy, whose face was as the face of an angel. The child told his mother about it and begged for a horse to take him to King Arthur's court. She thought that if she clothed him in a fool's dress the scorn and laughter of those who saw him would drive him back to her, so she took a meal sack, put holes in it for his arms, fastened it about him, and instead of hose she put strips of calfskin about his legs.

The servants wept as he rode away on the worst looking mule they could find. As a parting injunction his mother bade him greet every man he met, and if an old man was kind enough to instruct him to heed what he said.

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Naturally his inexperience, heedlessness and impulsiveness got him into trouble, and Sigune meets him. She always greets him after an important crisis in his life. She asks his name. He answers that all at home call him "sweetheart," "dear one." She said, "Thou art Parzival, and thy name shall mean 'To Pierce Through,' or 'Love Pierces to Truth.'"

He resumed his journey, and at nightfall, hungry and tired, he drew rein at a house by the wayside. The host told him if he had money or jewels he could enter, but if not he might starve before he got any gift from him. A gold buckle had fallen booty to Parzival in an adventure; this he tossed to the peasant, who gave him lodging and directed him to Arthur's court.

On the way he met the Red Knight, who sends by him a message to the King. He reaches the court only to be laughed at, and resolves to win for himself a place at the Round Table.

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He asks for a horse and armor. They tell him to win it—to go to the Red Knight and take his in fair fight. Nothing daunted,

> "For they know not, the untraveled,
> Till the world hath wisdom taught,"

he sallied forth, met the knight and demanded his horse and armor. The knight answered with his spear shaft, and the boy and his sorry mule lay on the ground. Full of wrath Parzival sprang to his feet, grasped his little arrow and pierced the only weak spot in the knight's armor, and he tumbled to the ground.

Parzival rolled him over and over, trying to find a way to loosen the corslet, but he was helpless until a knight comes to his rescue; but when he would adjust the hose of shining mail he sees the straps of hide about Parzival's legs and tells him to take them off; they do not correspond with this fine armor Parzival answered, "Never! My mother

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put them there and there they stay. Pull on the hose!"

In the shining armor of the Red Knight Parzival rode out into the world. He who had worn it "was the lock and seal of knighthood," and Parzival was challenged on every side.

He arrives at the castle of Gurnemanz, but refuses to get off his horse or loosen his armor. After a good deal of tact he was persuaded, and the knights led him to a room and begged him to rest. As they loosened his helmet and armor there were bruises and blood stains on his body. They saw the old shirt and strips of hide about his legs and looked askance at each other, but said nothing.

When they gathered about Gurnemanz for the evening meal Parzival listened eagerly, and they recognized the worth within him, though his talk easily betrayed his inexperience. As he was leaving Gurnemanz said: "You speak like a child; keep your small experiences to yourself, no one cares to

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listen, they concern only yourself, heed their lessons and be wise. You are on the right track, but don't think you've learned everything; there is much for you to attain, and don't wait for the hand of a beggar to be outstretched before you see a brother's need, and do not hurry to ask questions. You have eyes and ears, use them aright and you will not want for wisdom."

Parzival rode away through marshes and over rocks, and finally when the night was coming on he met a Fisher, dressed in royal robes, who directed him to the only spot in the entire forest where he could find shelter and rest. It was the Castle of the Grail, though he did not know it.

Parzival found kindly welcome, and the host ordered a banquet spread. There was so much splendor that his eyes were dazzled; he remembered the counsel of Gurnemanz and thought not to betray his simple breeding, yet he could hardly keep back his questions.

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He could see that his host was sick, for he could not walk, and the faces of all were drawn and sad. He pressed his lips tightly, saying to himself that he would stay long enough to find out what was the trouble.

When the feast was ended he was led away to a grand chamber and awakens in the morning to find the castle empty and silent. His horse is at the gate and he rides away in troubled wonder. A page calls after him, "Oh, you goose, why didn't you ask the question?" Then Sigune meets him, like regret, always after a serious experience, and learns that he is unaware of the name of the Castle or of its importance. She blames him bitterly for his fatal mistake. He turns away, sad and silent, resolved that never again would he be found wanting in love or sympathy, and unexpectedly meets with two incidents which are the result of mistakes made in his early thoughtless youth.

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These he sets straight, kneels before a shrine and takes an oath that henceforth he would live for the sake of the good that he could do, and if he possessed any courage or worth his deeds must speak of it, and he would walk as though God's hand clasped his.

Heretofore his foes had been from without, but now his hardest battles are with himself. He finds himself in an untrodden forest and in doubt of the worth of all his struggles. He gives himself up to musing upon the past — his childhood, his mother, the Grail; that he had sought peace and content and found but grief. An enemy hails him, it is "Kay, the fire-brand, hell born," who accuses him of sloth and sleep. Half unconsciously he fights, wins the battle, but loses his sword. A knight of King Arthur's court joins him, flatters him, tells him of the joyous times there and that a seat at the Round Table awaits him who has won fame.

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In the days gone by this was his highest wish, to win a place at the Round Table; here was praise and the end of sighing, here was luxury and ease; so he rode to the court, where all hailed him as victor, robed him in richest garments, hung jewels about his neck and gave him his seat at the Table Round.

He thought this was the end, that all his struggles were over, and he gave himself up to merrymaking and feasting, but Fate followed him in the person of Kondrie, the sorceress. She is described as a most hideous creature—duty often is—and she carried a scourge; its handle was a ruby and its cord of silk. She rode through the great circle of knights and ladies and faced Parzival, told him although he wore the outward token of the spotless knight he was a false and faithless guest, that he was unworthy the sword his host had given him at Monsalvat, where he had seen the vision of The Grail; that while

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others waited for his help he lived here in idleness; that he had set out with high hopes, but luxury and fame had stopped his growth. She poured a torrent of reproaches upon him and he felt

"The virtue of knightly shame,
It crowneth the soul with honor as the circlet doth crown a King."

He went out from the court alone, resolved that so long as his life endured never again would his feet wander from the path leading to The Grail. For the last time Sigune meets him; tells him that He who knoweth all men's woe may lead him once more to Monsalvat; that Kondrie had just passed, she knew the way and could direct him. He hurried on to find her, lost his way and found himself at a little shrine where he had knelt and taken his oath of fidelity long years ago.

Trevrezent, the hermit, lived near, and seeing Parzival armed, told him to laid aside his harness, get off his horse

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and stay quietly there and rest; that he would teach him the knowledge of life into which no fear could enter; that he had battled with good and evil within himself and had won. It was the only fight worth while. He led him back over his youth, explained much that had perplexed him, told him that when he was seeking the good of others he was on the right track, and if he had never wavered he had found the goal long ago. There were only two ways to choose—good or evil, love or hate. That thoughts are deeds "And only the pure in heart he chooseth and Heaven is their rewarding."

Parzival answered:

"If God be the God of battles,
If he knew how a man should fight,
Let him name me as one of his servants,
Of the Grail let him make me knight."

The hermit answered:

"Truth is His name and His nature,
Himself and His ways are one,
The pure in heart He chooseth
And He breaketh His faith with none."

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He warns him of pride and anger and tells him the story of Amfortas, who was born heir to the Grail, that he considered himself above every knight in the kingdom, full of self-praise and assurance, and in an unguarded moment a heathen battled with him and smote him with a poisoned spear and that healing and peace had never come to him again. That the knights had prayed in sorrow, and in the mystic writing they read that only a knight who could understand another's pain, who had learned wisdom from the world's experience, who could bind up the broken hearted, who loved all men as he loved himself—he alone could remove the poison from the wound of Amfortas. That one need not set out on any Quest to find The Grail; it is not a thing mortal eyes can see. "Only he can help who has overcome."

As Parsifal sets out again on his journey, the hermit tells him to leave the past behind and to be steadfast and

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true of heart. After many days he joins Arthur's host and tells them he has at last vanquished *self*, and the messenger of the Grail, Kondrie, rode into their midst and kneeling at the feet of Parzival told him to rejoice with humble heart,

> "For the Grail it doth hail thee king,
> Thy youth was by sorrow cherished
> That its lesson be taught to thee."

Kondrie led him to Amfortas and Parzival spoke the word that brought health and peace to him.

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The Parsifal of Richard Wagner

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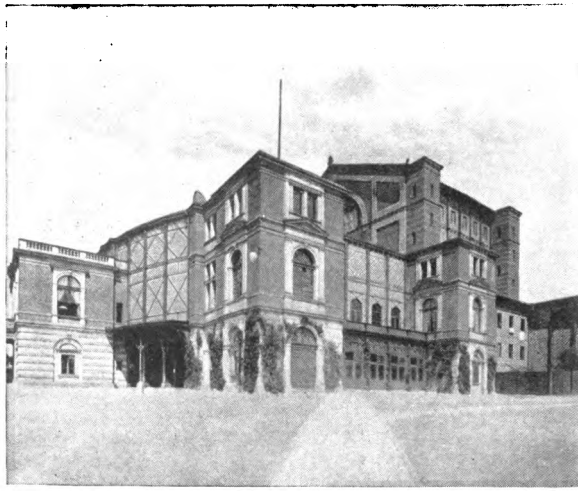

FESTIVAL THEATRE, BAYREUTH

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The Parsifal of Richard Wagner

WAGNER accepts Parsifal from the hands of Wolfram as the guileless boy breaking away from the protecting care of home and stepping for the first time into the untried ways of the world. He gains a knowledge born of pity and comprehends the purpose of life through sympathy and not through corruption. In the drama we walk with him through his intensely human life, learning the wisdom of "The Pure Fool."

For the symbolism of the Grail we may accept the Guileless Knight as Purity, Kundry as the temptations through our Earth life, King Amfortas with the open wound as Humanity, the Castle of the Grail as spiritualized purpose, and the Castle of Klingsor as sense gratification and the love of Self. The principal elements in the music are suffering and aspiration.

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Parsifal

To intensify his drama Wagner chose artistic incidents from Buddhism, Catholicism and Christianity, searched every field of myth and legend, threading their brightest beads on his own string.

For the meaning of the name "Parsifal," Wolfram tells us in the old poem that it shall mean "To pierce through." The achievement of the Grail meant a searching for Truth; then he who would attain it must pierce through all seeming to attain to truth. When Wagner first uses the name, Kundry calls him "Falparsi," The Foolish Pure One, and afterwards transposes it to "Parsifal," The Pure Foolish One.

In the drama we are introduced immediately to the domain of the Grail, where under the trees Gurnemanz and his attendants are in silent prayer. King Amfortas is carried by to the lake for refreshment, for he has a wound which will not heal.

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Suddenly Kundry, the wild messenger of the Grail, rushes in and pressing a crystal flask into the hands of Gurnemanz tells him it is for healing, and sinks down sighing, "Let me sleep; the good I would I cannot do."

This character of Kundry is original with Wagner, who has united many impersonations according to their inner meaning from the different legends. She is a composite of good and evil elements common to all humanity, and typifies the struggle in every man and woman between good and evil. Under the influence of the Grail she is penitent and helpful and in Klingsor's Castle she represents a perverted sense of that love which is the highest tribute of the human nature, mistaking the love of sense, possession and desire for virtue.

Suddenly we hear shouts of terror, and with the appearance of Parsifal a swan falls to the earth killed by him. This is an episode in the life of the

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Buddha, told so beautifully by Edwin Arnold in the "Light of Asia."

The dove and not the swan is the symbol of the Grail. In the Norse mythology the swan was the form by which a messenger from another world could communicate with this. The Walkure was called Swan-Maiden. It was a symbol of spiritual transportation, and used at the moment of the entrance of Parsifal is prophetic of his mission.

Parsifal is reproached for his heedlessness and says, "I knew not guilt," and to all their questions answers, "I know not."

Gurnemanz, thinking this may be the fool of the prophecy which had promised deliverance to the Grail knights through one foolish in this world's wisdom, who should become enlightened through pity, bids him to the Grail Feast.

The scenery moves very slowly through forests and ravines right into

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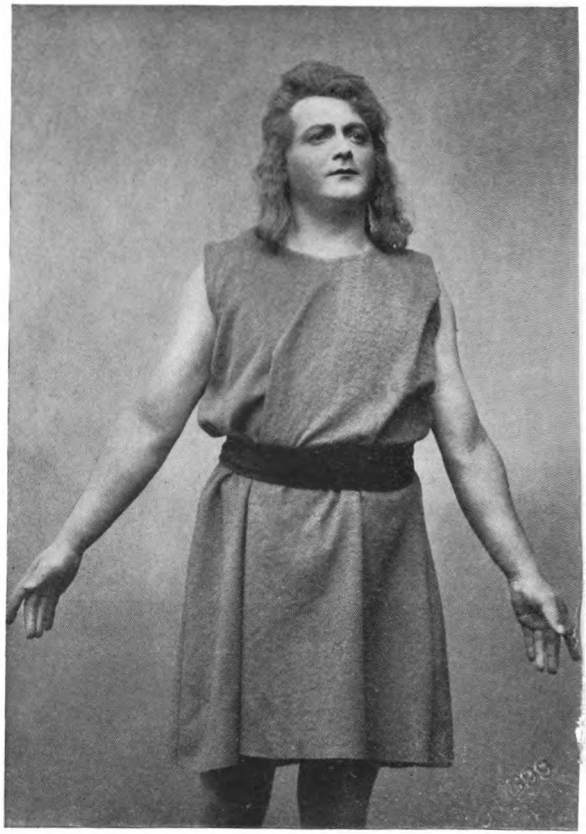

PARSIFAL. "I KNOW NOT"

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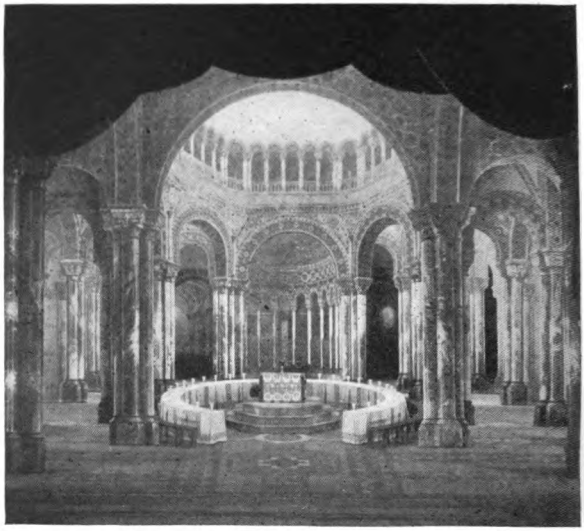

TEMPLE OF THE HOLY GRAIL

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the center of a temple of oriental magnificence. As though to emphasize this as a mental experience and that spiritual consciousness eliminates space, Gurnemanz says, "There is no time nor space here."

This is the Sanctuary of the Holy Grail, and once each day the Grail was unveiled. To all who were true and pure it gave light and peace, but to him who was conscious of duty undone it brought keenest anguish.

Amfortas had fallen heir to the Grail, and once in the pride of self-assurance he went out into the world to demolish the Castle of Klingsor, whose power is in the sorcery of the senses, and fell a victim to the wizard, who gave him the wound which would not heal. Klingsor took from him the Holy Spear, the symbol of the moral purpose of the Grail Knights, and lived in hope of overcoming every knight, and at last having within his evil grasp the Grail itself.

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Amfortas lived in torture, waiting for the fulfillment of the prophecy that one should come and by reason of his purity and understanding bring release and healing to him. The words of the prophecy were:

> "By pity enlightened the guileless fool.
> Wait for him my chosen one."

Gurnemanz tells Parsifal to "Watch well, and if thou art called thou wilt surely know," but Parsifal is deaf, dumb and blind to the meaning of it all. There is nothing in his mental equipment to help him fathom such mysteries. He does not speak the word they waited to hear, and they all leave the Temple but Gurnemanz, who asks, "Couldn't you see? Couldn't you understand? Oh, you fool, go your own way," and thrusts him from the Temple. He goes out into the world of fools and knaves, falls into the domain of temptation and deceit in the world's garden of the senses, in the enchanted garden of the magician, Klingsor.

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"COME FORTH, THY MASTER CALLS THEE"

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Through this garden Parsifal must pass, and Klingsor summons every art at his command to wreck him. Through the portals of sleep he summons Kundry from the dominion of the Grail and calls into the depths beneath, "Come forth, thy Master calls thee! A thousand times the earth has known thy face!"

In hoarse and broken words she begs for death rather than serve him, and with a cry of anguish disappears. Klingsor mounts the wall and blows a signal to awaken his helpers, saying, "When pureness has departed to me thou'lt be devoted."

Parsifal approaches "With a happy heart and laughter on his lips," and looks with wonder from the castle walls through this enchanted garden of delight, blinding his senses to the true aim of life. Suddenly Kundry calls "Parsifal." He listens half in a dream, for he had not heard that name since childhood. He tells her that he never

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saw nor dreamed such wondrous evil things. "Art thou of this evil garden too?" She answers, "I did but tarry here to wait for thee, I knew thee when thou wert a babe, thy earliest lisp still lingers on my ear." Every word is full of deepest meaning and when Parsifal is overcome with sorrow at the memory of his mother, Kundry presses her kiss of love upon his lips, and the guileless fool awakens to the comprehension of Amfortas' sin and his own danger, and in bewildering agony he cried, "Amfortas! The wound! The wound!"

In a paroxysm of rage Kundry calls Klingsor, who hurls the Holy Spear at him. Parsifal grasped it and said, "With the knowledge I have gained here I shall break thy accursed magic and wound thy power," and with the sign of the Cross the castle falls into ruins. Kundry sinks beneath the wreck, and Parsifal, standing for a moment on the shattered walls, calls

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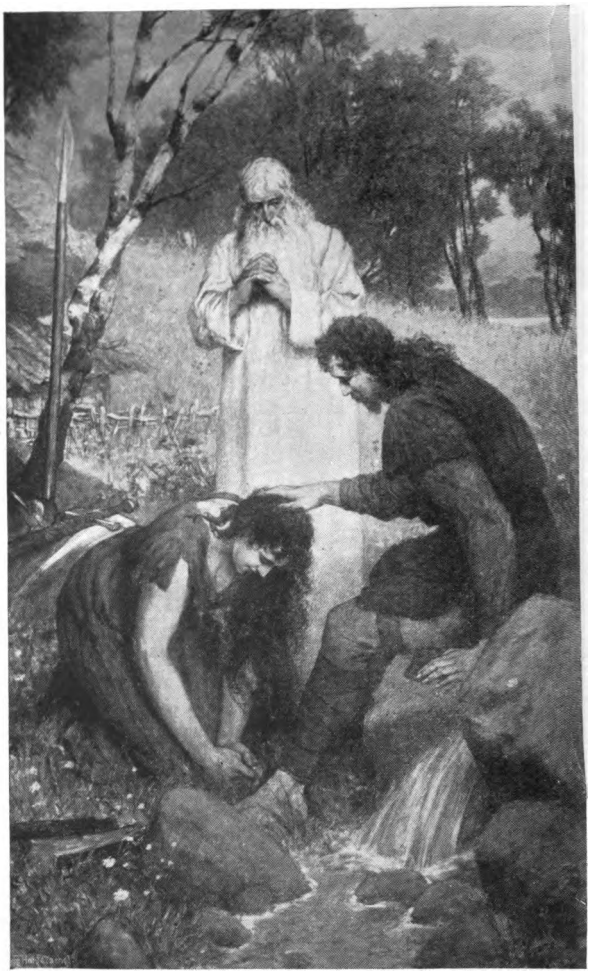

KUNDRY BATHES THE FEET OF PARSIFAL

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to her, "Thou knowest where thou canst find me."

Many sorrowful years of wandering and struggle were endured by Parsifal between the recovery of the Spear and his return to the Grail domain, a probation which shaped his character. He says, "By paths of suffering and error I came."

At last, rich in the knowledge of spiritual power, Parsifal returns on Good Friday to find Kundry released from the stupefying sleep of sin. Purified and regenerated she bathes his feet with her atoning tears.

Gurnemanz tells him that the sacred ceremony is promised for that day, anoints him as the Grail's elected King, throws about him the Dove-embroidered robe, and together they enter the Temple. With the Sacred Spear Parsifal touched the King and healed him, and as he slowly raised the Grail a glory flooded all the Hall, and in the glow of its wondrous light, which

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mirrors a purity in Kundry's soul, she sinks at his feet, redeemed.

The story of Parsifal is the story of the soul's long search for the Holy Grail, a mental self-striving, resolved to follow with all our might, with all our will, the quest we all are on—the achievement of the Perfect and the True.

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